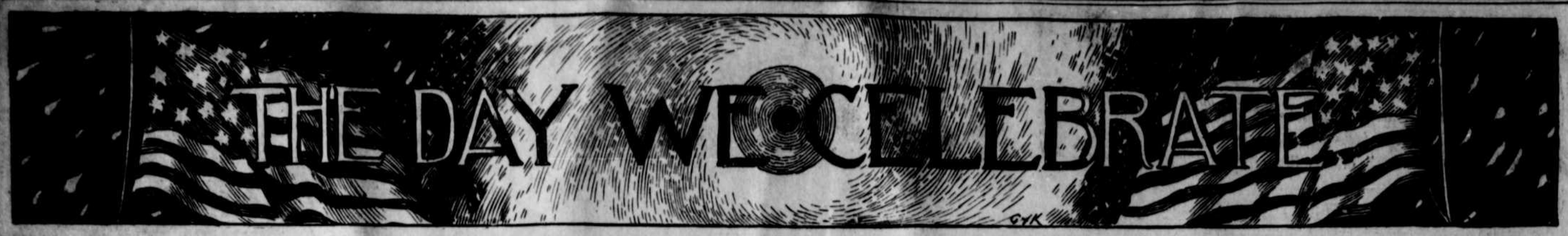


FAMOUS CELEBRATIONS

Vivid Description of Fourth of July in the Continental Camps.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL JUBILEE

Gradual Change in the Character of the Exercises, but No Loss of Patriotism.

One of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence is said to have expressed the desire that he might rise from his grave a hundred years later to witness the manner in which posterity observed the Fourth of July. If his wish could have been gratified, the venerable patriot would have found a decided change in the manner of the celebration, but none in the feeling which inspired it. Posterity, too, would undoubtedly have turned the tables on him, eagerly questioning him in turn as to the celebrations in his day; but even without his aid its questions can be answered.

CELEBRATIONS IN CONTINENTAL CAMPS.

Always, even from the earliest years, there was the noise of guns and the salute of 13 by the cannon. If the wives of the officers were present, an elaborate party or dance was usually arranged. In many of these celebrations the wives of Generals Knox and Greene were leaders, and somtimes they even prevailed upon the great Washington himself to open the ball.

For example, in 1777, at Morristown, every soldier was ordered an extra gill of rum, and there was a celebration by the feu de joie. In 1778, on the 3rd, an order was sent out that the day would be "celebrated by firing 13 pieces of cannon and a feu de joie of the whole line." In the South, some Whigs dressed up a lady with a monstrous head-dress three feet high, with a great profusion of curls, etc., and marched with her in procession to ridicule the dress of the Tory ladies. "The figure was droll," the writer naively explains, "and occasioned much mirth. The Tory women are very much mortified."

In 1779, at West Point, there was the usual noisy outbreak, which this time was given variety by an order of Washington, "to grant a general pardon to all prisoners in the army under sentence of death." In 1782, occurred the last celebration of the revolutionary army as such. "The whole army was formed on the banks of the Hudson, on each side of the river. The signal of 13 cannon being given at West Point, the troops displayed and formed lines, when a general feu de joie took place throughout the army."

YEAR OF THE TREATY OF PEACE.

In the year 1783 a change in the manner of the celebration took place. There was still the noisy demonstration with guns and bells, and processions marched up and down the streets; but new features were added. These were orations by leading men, and a dinner served gratis on many a village or city common for the crowds. Among the toasts were "The United States," "The President," "The Constitution," "George Washington," and, of course, "The Daughters of America." The dinners were elaborate, and we are informed that "squirrels, chickens, green corn, the vegetables of the season"—and doubtless large quantities of those drinkables of which the fathers of the revolution were, we are afraid, not very sparing—were spread upon tables beneath the trees. Peace had come, and "thereat they rejoiced exceedingly." Even Boston abandoned the celebration of the "Massacre," (why they wanted to "celebrate" it, no man knows), and substituted the "Fourth of July," which remains even to this day.

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

Many things combined to make the fiftieth celebration one long to be remembered. The new nation had become a recognized power; republican ideas were growing, and just at that time sympathy with Greece and the South American republics which had not long before cast off the yoke of Spain was very strong. The past was not entirely gone, either, for Jefferson, Adams and Carroll were still living, as were Madison and Monroe. Noise was still prominent in the celebration, but the oration had come to have a permament place.

In New York there was a public reading of the Declaration, following a long procession which had made its way from the Battery up through Maiden Lane, Pearl and other "residence" portions of the town to City Hall Park, where Dewitt Clinton, then governor of the state, reviewed them. It is said that Washington square received its name on that day, and that 10,000 people had a great "ox-feast" there. In Boston, more was made of the oration than in New York. Josiah Quincy was the orator of the day, while Webster, Peabody, and others responded to toasts; while over in Cambridge, Edward Everett delivered one of his greatest speeches. In Washington an "honorable member" delivered an oration from the steps of the capitol for a great thing, and all the leading officials and dignitaries of the nation were present. Under the field tent which had sheltered Washington 50 years before many guests and visitors were entertained. The living "fathers" of the Declaration were invited to be present, but the weakness of old age prevenid their acceptance.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

This celebration is still fresh in the minds of the people, and was the greatest in the history of the nation. Brass bands, cannon, bells, and orations were never more in evidence than on that day. The young nation had become a giant, recognized as one of the great powers of the world. The centennial exhibition was the crowning success of the year, but hardly of less importance were the oratorical and literary achievements which the occasion called forth. Perhaps the three orations delivered on that day which will be longest remembered were those by William M. Evarts in Philadelphia, Richard S. Storrs in New York, and Charles Francis Adams in Boston. Poets, and would-be poets, scattered their hymns like snowflakes over the land; but the centennial hymn by Whittier beginning,

"Our fathers' God from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,"

will probably live longest—though Bryant's Centennial ode, which was read, in the Academy of Music in New York, is a close second.

Will coming years see greater celebrations and rejoicings? The methods of celebrating doubtless will be modified; perhaps less ringing of bells and noise of cannon may attend it; but the enthusiasm of the people is still unmistakable, and in whatever form it finds expression, so long as the Fourth of July is celebrated with unabated zeal, and our children are fired by it with the same patriotism which animated their fathers and their forefathers, our nation is safe. The boys who to-day burn powder in its honor will not be slow, should need arise, to burn powder in its defense.

HE WAS TOO POPULAR.

A Distressed Young Man Relieved by the Bright Sporting Editor.

From the Chicago Post.

The fashionably dressed young man blew into the office, as near as anyone has been able to learn, when the copy boy left the door open. He looked somewhat bewildered, but, after getting his bearings, he picked out the sporting editor as the one most likely to be able to enlighten him on the subjects upon which he was in the dark.

"Say," he said, as he lowered his silver-candled cane sufficiently so that the handle wouldn't get in the way of the words and trip some of them up, "I'm in a deuce of a quandary."

"Of a what?" demanded the sporting editor.

"Of a quandary," repeated the stranger.

"That's a new one on me," said the sporting editor, "and I'll have to ask you to come again, for the religious editor has stolen my dictionary of sporting terms."

"I mean," explained the stranger, "I'm puzzled. I don't know what to do."

"You look it," answered the sporting editor. "What's the matter? Been backing the wrong horse and want a stake?"

"Oh, dear, no," returned the stranger; "all I want is a little information. Do you think it would be just the proper thing for me to disguise myself during the pleasant spring days? You see, I'm too popular."

"With the police?"

"Oh, no; not at all. With the ladies. You see, the pleasant spring days bring so many of them out, and I know them all."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry if I were you," said the sporting editor, consolingly, "I don't believe they will try to run away with you."

"It isn't that," said the stranger hastily; "it's just a little matter of etiquette. This little book of etiquette says that when a gentleman meets a lady on the street and she signifies a wish to speak to him or he wishes to speak to her he should turn and walk with her in the direction she is going, as it is the height of rudeness to compel her to stop to talk with you."

"Well?" said the sporting editor, who didn't quite see the point.

"Why, on the last pleasant day I undertook to walk two blocks north on State street during the middle of the afternoon, and I was so popular with the ladies that in carrying out the rules laid down in this book I found myself back at Eighteenth street and Wabash avenue at the end of an hour and a half. It was very annoying, don't you know, and I thought if it would be in good taste to disguise myself when I have to go into the fashionable shopping district it would—"

"What's the use of doing that?" demanded the sporting editor. "It would be much simpler, it seems to me, to write to the publisher of the book and have him revise that paragraph to meet the requirements of your case."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the stranger delightedly. "How clever you newspaper men are."

Hundreds of Millions.

The auditing department of a great American railroad corporation rivals in respect of its records and transactions a governmental department, says the New Yok Sun. The earnings of all the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad system in a year average about $130,000,000, and the gross earnings of the Vanderbilt system amount to rather more—$45,000,000 from the New York Central, $21,000,000 from the Lake Shore, $10,000,000 from the West Shore and Nickel Plate, $33,000,000 from the Chicago & Northwestern, $13,000,000 from the Michigan Central, and about $15,000,000 from collateral lines or systems. These figures are large, but they appear still larger when they are compared with items of federal revenue. The total receipts of the United States government from customs during the fiscal year ending in 1896 were $150,000,000, and from internal revenue taxes $146,000,000. The two together made up $296,000,000 of public revenue for the government of the affairs of a nation of 75,000,000 inhabitants, but the two railroad systems referred to represented together receipts of $275,000,000, and if a third big railroad system were added, the receipts of the federal government would be exceeded.

CANNOT SEE DECLARATION

The Famous Parchment Is No Longer Shown to Visitors.

INJURED BY EXPOSURE

The Ink Was Fast Fading—Manuscript Now Hermetically Sealed in Glass and Carefully Guarded.

Washington, June 29.—Did you ever see the Declaration of Independence—the original manuscript? If you have not you probably never will, for now it lies in the archives of the state department, encased in glass and locked in a steel vault. Unless you have some extraordinary reason for viewing it, the custodian will not show it to you. To be sure, a faithful reproduction of the famous document hangs in an upright glass case in the show room of the state department. This room is a part of the library, and many valuable historic relics are on view there.

Three and a half years ago the original Declaration hung in the case where the fac-simile appears to-day. A short time before it had been proposed to take it to the world's fair at Chicago. The managers of the fair were extremely anxious to secure it; there was even talk of shipping it in a special car under guard of a squad of United States regulars; but the secretary of state would not consent. It was within his discretion to let any of the state papers go to Chicago, and he did send some very precious manuscripts there; but the Declaration, he said, had too great a value to be subjected to any risk.

This discussion led to a careful examination of the document. It is on parchment, which does not deteriorate much with the lapse of time; but the librarian reported that the ink, which

had been exposed to bright light for many years, showed signs of fading. So, in February, 1894, the parchment was taken from its frame, put between sheets of glass, sealed in hermetically, stowed away in the steel vault; and there it lies, beside the original of the Constitution of the United States and the appeal of the colonists to King George. The copy answers all ordinary purposes; and as the text of the Declaration has been verified and reproduced again and again, there is no longer any real need to consult the original. It is taken out only at long intervals to be shown to some distinguished visitor.

The Declaration of Independence is but one of many original manuscripts of great value belonging to the state department. Some of these manuscripts, of course, are priceless. A millionaire collector would give a fortune to own the Declaration of Independence, and think he was getting it cheap. The manuscript of the Constitution, too, is priceless. Many of the other documents, however, have a measureable money value—in fact some of them were purchased by the government. Among the most important papers are the records of the continental congress, which have always belonged to the government. They were transferred to the state department by an act passed Sept. 15, 1789. An expert in the library says that they would probably be worth half a million dollars if they could be put on the market.

In 1834 and 1849 congress bought the Sparks collection of Washingtoniana. The two appropriations made for the purpose aggregated $45,000, and the papers would be cheap at many times that sum to-day. Half a century ago collectors of manuscripts were few, and the government met with little competition in bidding for the Sparks collection.

In 1848 a collection of Madison's papers was offered to the government by his family, and it was purchased for $25,000. Later in the same year $20,000 was appropriated for the purchase of Jefferson's papers, and a like amount for Hamilton's. In the year following $20,000 was paid for Monroe's papers. No other appropriation was made by congress for a similar purpose until 1882, when Henry Stevens of London offered for sale a collection of Franklin's papers, and the government paid $45,000 for them.

As an evidence of the cheapness of the earlier purchases, a comparison of the Franklin with the Washington papers shows that the government paid $35,000 for 32 volumes in the one case and $45,000 for 336 volumes in the other. But this is not conclusive; for the Franklin volumes contain many more manuscripts than the Washington volumes. The earlier collectors of manuscripts scattered them through many volumes. For several years past the librarian of the state department has been busy condensing the Washington collection with a view to putting it all in 50 volumes. In its original form it was larger than all the other collections put together, omitting the records of the continental congress. The whole number of volumes of manuscripts was 974, and of these 307 contained the congressional records.

All these documents, with the exception of the three already named as being in the steel vault, are kept in cases in the library. Think of keeping a million dollars' worth of papers, which could not possibly be replaced, in a wooden case behind glass doors! Yet the department has never lost any of its valued manuscripts. In fact, with the exception of such a unique rarity as the great diamond of the nizam of Hyderabad, which was reported as stolen recently, nothing in the form of property would be so certain of identification, if offered for sale, as one of these documents. They have this further advantage—the diamond might possibly be broken up and sold piecemeal without identification, while the manuscripts could be identified line by line and word by word, even if each were torn in fragments. The state department has a full descriptive list of these papers, and the most important of them were copied and published by order of congress some years ago.

Yet, not long since, two young clerks of the library of congress stole from the library some of the valuable manuscripts which belonged to the Toner collection. They were offered to collectors in New York, and some of them were sold to W. F. Havemeyer; but the dealers who handled them suspected that they belonged to the government, and notified the authorities. This brought about an investigation, which resulted in the apprehension of the thieves. The same thing would happen if any of the documents in the state department were stolen. For this reason the clerks who have occasion to handle the papers are trusted almost implicitly. From the vandal visitor the manuscripts are protected by a watchman, who sits in the library during business hours, and by other watchmen who patrol the halls at half-hour intervals when the department is closed.

None of these documents can be taken away without a special order from the secretary of state. In fact, none of the manuscripts has left the department building since its completion, except in 1893, when some of them were shipped to the Chicago exposition, as has been stated.

Two manuscript volumes, however, were taken to Philadelphia by the foreman in charge of the work of restoring the documents. There they were "inlaid" by experts whose business is the restoration of manuscripts which have become ragged through age and wear. These two documents were Washington's school copy-book and his diary. The "inlaying" consisted in sketching the outline of each page on a sheet of heavy paper, cutting out all the paper within this outline except a very narrow margin, splitting the paper to the depth of this margin, and gluing the edges of the paper into the split edge of the frame. By this process, both sides of each page were left exposed, and the pages were mounted on uniform sheets of paper, which could be bound together in Russia leather. The work on these two volumes cost the government several hundred dollars, and was said to be the finest work of the kind ever executed.

The state department experts engaged in the work of restoration do not "inlay" the manuscripts; this would be too expensive a process. They mount each page on a hinge of stout linen paper, fastened to a sheet of heavy paper; and these sheeets are bound in books of uniform size. Where holes are found in a manuscript—and many are very ragged—a piece of paper of the color of the manuscript is pasted under the hole; or, if this would obscure the writing, a piece of tissue is used.

Each of these sheets is numbered and registered; every scrap of paper belonging to the manuscript collection is numbered, and whenever a book is taken from its shelf, it is carefully examined to see that it is intact.

It is not often that the volumes are taken down except when the clerks need them for the work of restoration; though occasionally a visitor engaged in some historic researches asks permission to consult them. Even after the permit is granted, he must use them in full view of the library watchman.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Gave the Water His Fee.

The globular and florid old gentleman, as he sat down at the table, pulled a dollar bill out of his pocket, deliberately tore it in two, handed one piece to the waiter, replaced the other in his pocket, and said:

"Waiter, if I am satisfied, you get the other half. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the functionary, and became as assiduous as a mother with her first child.

But for some inexplicable reason the old gentleman grew more and more dissatisfied as his meal progressed, until, as he arose from the table, he simply scowled angrily at the expectant waiter.

"Excuse me, sir, but—" the waiter insinuated obsequiously.

"Naw," snarled the old fellow in reply.

"Oh, yes; I think you will," observed the waiter, his backbone visibly stiffening.

"Don't you be impudent, young man," advised the old fellow, threateningly.

"Don't you be a chump," advised the waiter, contemptuously.

"Why, why, wh—at?" screamed the old gentleman, swelling like an enraged turkey cock. "I'll—I'll report you for insolence, you—you villain!"

"I don't think you will," retorted the waiter calmly and firmly. "Come, hand over the other half of this bill. I need a dollar to go to the theater."

"Explain yourself, you rascal," demanded the old fellow, a great and portentious calm enveloping him. "Now, what does this mean?"

"It means at this minute you are a lawbreaker, sir," replied the waiter suavely. "Mutilating the currency is a crime, and you have mutilated a dollar bill. Therefore, unless I get the dollar you'll be pinched. See?"

As the waiter pocketed the dollar he smiled.

CAKE AND POETRY.

What art thou, Life? A fleeting day of change,
A trembling dawn on a wide-reaching, restless sea?
A fervid noon—Eve's shadow, dim and strange?
(Oh, that reminds me. I must bake some cake for tea.)

Thy morn is beautiful, oh Life! (I ought
To glance into the cook-book, so to make quite sure.
"Three eggs—a cup of cream," just as I thought.)
With all its dreams, so high, so true, so pure!

Grand is thy full, sweet noontide, ("sift the flour
And stir it in." I'm glad the oven's hot and nice.)
When lofty purpose arms the soul with power.
("Raisins and currants, one cup each, with spice.")

Night, and the day's fulfillment! Oh, how fair,
How wondrous is this mystery! ("Then add about
A teaspoonful of lemon flavoring"—there!
Now, while it bakes, I'll write my poem out.)—

—Ladies' Home Journal.

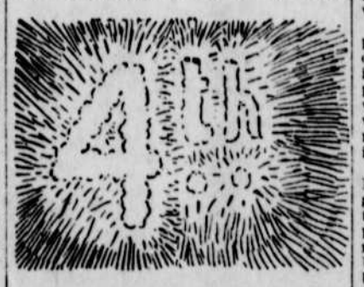
Wonders of the Yellowstone Park

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park, July 1.—The Yellowstone park is one of the finest spots in the Northwest in which to spend a couple of weeks camping, during the extreme hot weather one experiences in the summer time in the city. It is no place for the hunter and his gun, as congress has passed rules looking to the protection of its game, besides its multifarious objects of public interest. But this fact need not prevent the hunter from coming, as the true-born sportsmen can find as much pleasure in the casting of his fly as he can in the trailing of a deer on antelope. There are no restrictions regarding fishing, excepting in a few mild suggestions, which are usually carried out by the average sportsman.

The park as a camping ground is a delightful place, owing to the ever-changing scenery to be encountered throughout the trip in the way of beautiful plains, picturesque valleys, grand and inspiring canyons, all of which are surrounded by lofty mountains, whose peaks are covered almost the year around with snows, and the sides of which, lower down, are one large flower garden, containing hundreds of varieties of wild flowers of every possible description and color. Here and there the plains are interspersed with beautiful and mirror-like lakes, on the crest of which gracefully float any number of wild geese, duck and pelican, which only tend to add variety and enchantment to the scene. The edges of these plains are skirted by strips of pine and cedar trees, and under their wide-spreading branches, affording a cool retreat from the hot midday sun, can be seen plenty of deer, elk and antelope. They are either quietly grazing under the tall and stately trees or taking a siesta.

After leaving such a peaceful and never-to-be-forgotten scene the road



winds in and out of a dense forest, and then goes in a zigzag way through a canyon. The road winds around the foot of lofty walls, each turn in which reveals another section of the defile seemingly more beautiful than the one behind, shut off from view by a projecting side of the wall. Alongside the road rushes a stream, hurling itself with immense force against the rocks in its path, and then beating itself into a white-foamed fury. Here and there the waters fall gracefully over a series of huge boulders, forming a pretty cascade, or rushes madly over a precipice, breaking into a mass of white as it gracefully falls, and dashes itself into a resplendent spray on the rocks below.

And besides the regular beauties of nature to be seen in any mountainous country, a camping party has the opportunity of seeing the many phenomena in the park, which have made this section of the Northwest renowned throughout the entire civilized world. One has not a chance to tire of the plains, valleys and mountains, as these latter phenomena are to be seen on every hand in the shape of terrace-building springs, paint pots, iridescent hot water springs and geysers. Some of the springs are beautiful; the fantastic shapes of the rims, the beautiful formations on the inside, and the wonderful colorations of the water and the silicious formations, combine to make a sight which has to be studied long and often to be appreciated. Then there are the subterranean upheavels of boiling hot water and steam from the geysers, which form a striking contrast to the quiet and unpretentious springs.

And it does not cost much to camp through this wonderland, and see the indescribable sights it contains. The trip can be made from almost any town in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming for about what it costs to remain at home. From nearby points it can be made for less. Good clothes must be left behind. Get out your old ones; none are too ragged or disreputable. Wear heavy underwear and bring plenty of blankets, as the air grows chilly in the woods after the sun goes down. As a rule, heavy underwear is not uncomfortable in the daytime, and outer garments can easily be put on or taken off according to the temperature. If ladies go to make up the party, two tents are necessary, one for them and the other for the men. Their size, of course, depends upon the number intended to occupy them. These, with the provisions, can be packed in a wagon. And as for food, bring plenty of it. You will be surprised when you reach the park what an appetite you will have developed. The bracing mountain air and the aroma from the pines makes you always ready for a meal, no matter how small an eater you may have been at home. Fish can always be caught in great number at any point in the park, and campers usually depend largely upon these for food. Added to these, the customary ham, canned goods, flour, sheet iron cook stove, plates, etc., make up the culinary department. The abundances of good grazing suffices for the pack and saddle horses, although some tourists carry grain. While this is not necessary, it is a good idea.

There are 23 regular camping grounds in the park, but it is an easy matter to find ten times that number, equally as good, where there is plenty of grass for the horses, wood and water. Camping parties are forbidden to camp within 100 feet of the main roads, must carefully extinguish their fires, clean their camps behind them, and cut no green timber. Fallen timber for fires and tent poles can be found in abundance. The first camp is on the Gardner river, between Gardner City and Mammoth hotel. Here wood and grass is scarce, but water plentiful. Just beyond this is a better spot for stock. After leaving Gardner City, follow the eastern road, as the other goes to the hotel, and crosses the river on a bridge before reaching the camping ground.

The second camp is a mile south of the hotel, near the one-mile post. Water, grass and wood are plenty, and the location is convenient to the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Two miles and a half beyond this, just through Golden Gate, is Camp No. 3. You can camp on either side of Glen creek, where good protection can be found in the timber. The water here is good, as is also the supply of wood and grazing.

Indian creek is the next stopping place, four miles further on, and has the same conveniences as the former.

Then comes the Apollinaris spring camping spot, three and one-half miles further on, where one can drink pure apollinaris water from a beautiful spring, in a clump of woods. This place is called Willow park, with fine water, grass and wood.

A sign board, reading, "100 yards to good camp, wood, water and grass," indicates Camp No. 6, 13¾ miles from Mammoth Hot Springs.

The next camp is at Norris, six miles distant. It is just beyond the hotel, and the junction of the Fountain and Canyon roads. Abundance of grass, etc., is to be found here. This camp is near the Norris Geyser basin, where the tourist sees the first geysers.

Next comes Elk Park camp. Go south from Norris, cross Elk Park, and a quarter of a mile beyond the two-mile post, enter the timber, following the side road for 100 feet, which leads to the left into a small park. The Gibbon road is about 300 yards distant. Plenty of wood and grass.

Between the third and fourth-mile posts is the Gibbon meadow, the mouth of the Gibbon canyon. The best camp is near the river, near the four-mile post, with plenty of wood, grass and water. There are other camps in this vicinity to the east, and while they are nearer wood, water is not so convenient.

Camp No. 10 is in the Lower Geyser Basin, there being no good camping grounds between Gibbon Meadow and the Firehole valley. Near the 17-mile post five camps can be found along the river to the junction of Nez Perce creek. Up this creek for a mile on the north bank, and also along the west bank of the Firehole river for fully two miles. Half a mile south of where some of the soldiers have their camp, on the east bank of the Firehole, is another good place to camp. In this basin you see the Fountain Geyser and the paint pots.

The next camp is close to the Excelsior Geyser, on the east bank of the Firehole river. It is half a mile south of the second bridge above the Excelsior geyser, where plenty of wood and grass is to be found. The river is easily forded here. Prismatic lake is near the Excelsior and is one of the sights of the park.

The next camping ground is in the Biscuit Basin, a little over six miles from the Fountain hotel. It is located on the Firehole river, with an abundance of grass and wood. This camp is located on the lower end of the Upper Geyser Basin, in which are to be seen the largest geysers in the park, besides many of the handsome hot water springs, whose wonderful colorations are the admiration of all.

Camp No. 13 is close to the Riverside geyser, whose cone is on the very edge of the river, and when in eruption, throws its column of water at such an angle that it goes entirely across the river, falling on the other shore. Just north of the Riverside geyser is a bridge leading to the upper geyser basin, but as no camping is allowed between this bridge and Old Faithful geyser, you leave the main road when it turns onto the bridge, and continue a short distance to the camp in the woods. It is in close proximity to the Giant, Giantess, Cartle, Grotto and other geysers.

When you leave this camp, you cross the bridge and follow the main road through the upper geyser basin, pass the hotel, and a short distance beyond Old Faithful a sign post directs you to another camping spot. This is a small one, and grazing is not very good.

The next camping ground is off from the main road. It is at the Lone Star geyser, some three and one-half miles from the upper geyser basin. At the three-mile post you turn off and follow another road to the geyser, and find an excellent place to stop, with good water, wood and grass.

To reach Camp No. 16 you return to the main road, and follow it for a distance of about four miles or a little more, to West De Lacy creek. En route you cross the Continental divide, and camp on the Pacific slope. The altitude here is about 8,000 feet.

One mile beyond is the next camping ground, the last one until the West Thumb of the Yellowstone lake is reached. Just before reaching this camp you pass Teton point, from which can be seen Shoshone lake in the valley below, and the Teton mountains some 75 miles in the distance.

At the Thumb the only camping place is on the creek south of the lunch station. When this creek dries up, water must be gotten from th elake, only a short distance away. There is plenty of grass and wood here. At this point you get a good view of the lake, and the mountains across it.

After leaving the Thumb, the road runs north, and the only good camping ground is 13½ miles, on the shore of the lake proper, about five and one-half miles from the outlet. The road leading to this camp is along the shore of the lake, and one of the most delightful rides in the park. En route you can see Mount Sheridan and Mount Sherman. Plenty of grass, wood and water.

Camp No. 20 is at Bridge bay, near the natural bridge, three and one-half mile beyond Camp 19. This is a good camp in all particulars.

At the outlet of the Yellowstone lake is the next camping ground, a couple of miles beyond the Lake hotel. Fishing here is good, view fine, with a cold spring, wood and grass.

To the next camp you follow the Yellowstone river on its way to the canyon, and stop at the Mud geysers, seven and one-half miles from the lake. The location is an excellent one.

At the canyon there are several places to stop, but the best one is a mile south of Canyon Junction. There is a large camping ground at the Junction, but it has not the advantages of the first named. On Cascade creek, a mile or so north of the hotel, are good camping grounds, but are not convenient for sightseeing. The Canyon Junction ground is the nearest spot to the Grand canyon. After leaving the canyon you follow the main road to Norris, passing the Virginia cascades and the Bend in the Road, stopping at the same place at Norris as you did when coming in. From Norris out of the park, you use the same camping grounds over again.

An enjoyable side trip is to Soda Butte, Yancey's and the Hoodoo regions. After touring the park, you return to the Mammoth Hot Springs and go directly east up the East Gardner valley, following a good road. It is some 60 miles to the Hoodoo region or Goblin Land, and the trip is well worth the sights to be seen there. The Hoodoo mountains are just outside the park, and are in the most weird region imaginable. En route you pass Specimen Ridge, petrified trees and Amethyst mountain.

At the canyon a good side trip is a ride to the top of Mount Washburn, a distance of about nine miles. En route you pass the Devil's Inkstand and more paint pots, besides seeing thousands of head of wild game. From the top of this mountain is a view covering the entire park. It is a day's journey, there and back, but the view pays a hundred fold for the trip.

The park has over 250 miles of trout streams, and of five or six varieties. The best fishing is in the lake and the Yellowstone river, but in the other streams and rivers it is possible to catch more trout than can be eaten.

Co-Operation in Gas Manufacture.

From the St. Louis Republic.

C. W. Chancellor, the American consul at Havre, in an interesting account of a successful experiment in co-operation tried by the South Metropolitan Gas company of London, incidentally describes the clever method adopted by the British parliament to protect the people from oppression by gas monopolies.

In the contract with the gas company with its workmen was the strange provision that the bonus paid the workmen would increase in inverse ratio to the reduction of the price of gas. Mr. Chancellor explains that this is in accordance with the law regulating the dividends of gas companies.

Under the gas works clauses of 1847 the dividends of English gas companies were limited to 10 per cent. Whenever the profits were in excess of the maximum limit the price had to be reduced. But the companies took care that the dividends were never in excess of the maximum, and as competition yielded to consolidation the capital was steadily increased and the maximum dividends were drawn on overcapitalization.

Parliament yielded to popular discontent and in 1874 passed an act fixing a standard dividend and a standard price for gas and providing that for every penny of decrease in the price of gas an increase of one-fourth of 1 per cent. might be made in the dividend of the company.

This device worked like a charm and the gas business in England has presented the paradox of decreasing price and increasing profits. The companies set to work to improve processes and decrease the cost of gas so that they might reduce the price, yet earn an increased dividend. It is worth noting that the legal price is 64.66 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, but the temptation to increase the dividends has generally reduced the price much below this standard. The South Metropolitan Gas company reduced it to 50 cents. Thus the public and the stockholders share the benefits of a reduction in the cost of gas.

Three drops of a black cat's blood is a sovereign cure for croup in the folk-lore of some people.